

Marvin Boy Stolen by Neighbors, Firm Conviction of Lad's Father, Who Suspects Certain Persons

Kitts Hammock People Dwell in Dir-
est Poverty.

Newcomers' Pros-
perity Seemed to
Them Wealth.

Greed Caused Ab-
duction of Confid-
ing Child.

By LOUIS A. MACMAHON.

Envy, diabolical maliciousness, and greed for gold operated the pitiless hands that so ruthlessly tore bright-eyed little Horace Marvin from the loving father on the morning of March 4.

That the baby was kidnaped and not swallowed up by the countless bogs, marshes, quagmires, and swamps around the farm has been established beyond doubt.

Horace was carried off by some one acquainted with the lay of the land at Bay Meadows farm, and the financial standing of the owner. The lad is being detained for envious spite and whatever money can be extorted from the well-nigh distracted parent.

Twenty-five or fifty miles is the greatest distance the baby has ever been taken from his father's home.

Some time within the near future the child will be returned to Bay Meadows, unless the little fellow may have been killed by the kidnaper or kidnapers, who realized what a hornet's nest they had stirred up, and sought to destroy the only bit of evidence against them.

Doctor Blames Neighbors.

These are the beliefs of Dr. Horace Newell Marvin, of Bay Meadows farm, eight miles from the city of Dover, Del.

Although the heartstrings of the entire nation have been tightened by the mysterious disappearance of this fair-haired boy, and many hundreds of theories as to his whereabouts advanced, no one's heart has been wrung like the sorrowing father's, and none is better qualified to judge the motive that actuated the fiends who wrought this devilish deed.

The aged, retired physician attributes his woe and sufferings to neighbors who had opportunity to see his worldly goods and ascertain that the laughing eyes, pink cheeks and smiles of his three-years-and-eleven-months-old baby boy were what he lived for, and the only things that comforted him as he descended the sloping hill of life.

With this positive knowledge and the widely circulated rumor that Dr. Marvin was a millionaire, the kidnapers snatched his child from a straw pile, where it was at play, and spirited it away, to hold the little fellow for ransom.

There can be no other solution of this seemingly impenetrable mystery, that has attracted attention not only throughout the United States, but in England and the continent of Europe. Never has such interest been manifested in the sudden disappearance of a child. The aggregate rewards offered for the delivery of the Marvin child exceed by far any ever offered in similar cases.

Country Desolate.

The skin is a tangled one, and the investigator scarcely knows where to search for the end of the string. The scene of the kidnaping is on that part of the coast of Delaware known as Jones' Neck, a narrow strip of land honeycombed with bogs, quagmires, marshes, ditches, swamps, soggy fields and wooded swamps. A more desolate place could not be imagined. The stock is scrawny and starved out, the water impure, houses ancient and dilapidated, and the fields unproductive, because of stagnant pools standing in every furrow.

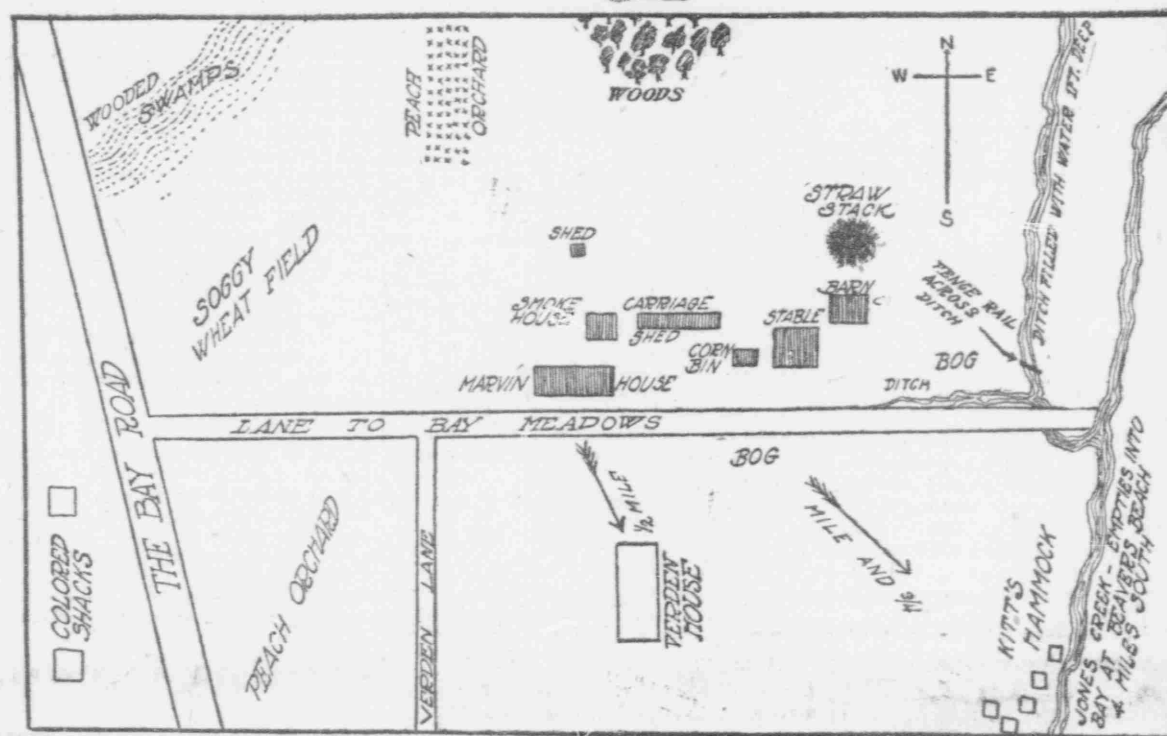
Now and then one comes across a small peach orchard. Rising up out of the lousy, waterlogged soil, putting forth their delicate pink blossoms, the small fruit trees look but little like the supporters of Delaware families, but such they are. The peach industry is the only one to which Delaware farmers devote much time and attention. Every tree is watched as a mother cares for her babe, because the farmers are solely dependent upon the crop for their support.

With undrained farms and starved-out earth, with but one industry to follow, and that a hazardous one, with dreaded mosquitoes and fevers in summer and marrow-chilling blasts in winter, the lot of the Delaware farmer is anything but a happy one. Money is scarce and everything that money buys is scarce among the farmers and fishermen on Jones' Neck.

Such are the conditions among which Dr. Horace Marvin, eminent physician from the West, settled last February, because he feared the altitude and climate of Sioux City, Iowa, would kill baby Horace, as it did the physician's wife.

Anyone who has ever visited Jones' Neck will tell you there are but two

Marvin Family and Scene of Kidnaping.



The Map Shown Here Is of Points About the Marvin Home, and Was Drawn by a Sunday Times Staff Artist. Beneath It Is a Photo Showing the Haystack Where Horace Was Last Seen, and the Fence Rail Across the Ditch Over Which the Kidnapers Fled With Their Little Captive.

farms that are worth a hill of beans. The better of these two is Bay Meadows, formerly owned by Charles Woodall, but now occupied by Dr. Marvin. The other is an adjoining tract of land belonging to Frank Verden. The men who own these farms are considered independently wealthy. Men to be looked up to and envied by the weather-beaten, ill-clothed, and insufficiently nourished farmers and fishermen on Jones' Neck.

Bay Meadows extends from the Bay Road, a thoroughfare leading to Kitts Hammock and Jones' Creek, down to the creek. It covers an area of more than 500 acres. There are several peach groves on the farm and considerable stock. The fields, however, have been neglected and yield only marsh grass and sea weed. The land around Bay Meadows is perfectly level and, except on the north, where there is a strip of woods one can see for seven or eight miles around.

Boy Near the House.

A private lane, three-quarters of a mile long, leads from the Bay Road to the Marvin house. This lane extends down to the creek, a distance of three-quarters of a mile from Dr. Marvin's home. The residence nestles among a group of tall cedar trees, on a knoll. It is well preserved, elegantly furnished and kept as neat as a new pin. On the farm there are a number of other well-built structures and about 150 yards from the residence the straw stacks stand. Beyond the barn and straw stacks there is a bog about the length of a city block. The earth is black and soggy, with a few blades of grass shooting up from it here and there. Near the edge of this bog there is a row of tall cedar trees which form a sort of fence alongside the lane. At the foot of the hill the bog terminates in a ditch three

feet wide filled with greenish water, moss and sea weeds. The water is one and a half or two feet deep. At the fence this ditch connects with another which extends half the length of the field. This intersection is at the bottom of the soggy black hill, on a line with the barn and about 300 or 350 yards from the Marvin residence.

Where Kidnaper Crossed?

It is at this spot that Dr. Marvin believes the kidnaper crossed the frozen ditch with little Horace in his arms. Beyond the intersection of the ditches is a hilly field at the edge of which there is a row of cedar trees. This field leads to Kitts Hammock, a town almost as old as the State of Delaware, and inhabited chiefly by fishermen. It is there that Dr. Marvin believes his child was taken. All along Jones' Creek there are fishermen's shacks, which are unoccupied except in summer and fall.

West of Bay Meadows is the rough-traversed road, a few colored shacks and woods. North there are woods. The creek is on the east side and Verden's farm is on the south. Verden's residence is about three-quarters of a mile from Marvin's farm. Those are Dr. Marvin's surroundings. He was a stranger in a strange land when he purchased the farm and he has yet to find a friend living within a radius of five miles. Men and women meet him on the road. They do not ask "Has your little boy been found?" They continue on their way, but look back at him and say to one another: "That's Dr. Marvin, whose little boy got lost." Friendship and hospitality are not the strongest traits in Delawareans who have the misfortune to live on Jones' Neck. One visit there will convince the stranger of that.

Theorists have hazarded the guess

Top picture shows Dr. Horace Marvin and kidnaped child at either side. The group is composed of Mrs. Howard Marvin, Rosie Standish, Mrs. Flora M. F. Swift, Mrs. Miles Standish, and John Marvin, six-year-old brother of little Horace.

that perhaps Dr. Marvin's relatives played some part in the kidnaping. Few things could be more absurd. Dr. Marvin is loved by all his relatives and where he is known by ten men he has ten friends. Under ordinary circumstances he is a whole-souled, congenial man of intelligence, discretion and strong personality. At present he is heart-sick, soul-sick and nervous, but he still has a pleasant, agreeable manner and is willing to listen to anyone who is interested in his behalf.

Worn With Anxiety.

Mental torture, physical unrest, haunting fears with the barest ray of hope, are indelibly written on the face of this man. His face is seamed with lines of care and worry, his hair shows the touch of time, the bright blue eyes are set far back in his head and shaded by very heavy reddish brows. The face is pinched and drawn and the cheeks sunken and hollow. The strong, forceful chin rests on the aged man's breast, and he is much given to staring blankly into space. His shoulders are stooped and his hands move nervously about his face or clothing. Dr. Marvin has gone through an experience, the horror and anguish of which can never be put into words. No matter what is the result of the search for his boy he will never be the same man.

There's a silent red drum in the dining room of the Marvin home. Beside it is a snow-white Teddy bear, lying with its nose on the floor, as if weeping for its master. A glimpse into the life of this persecuted father will convince almost anyone that he has no enemies who would wish to kill him by degrees. The history of the kidnaping of little Horace on that raw March morning, as recited by Dr. Marvin, brings out much that has yet been untold, and tends to persuade his listener to accept his belief.

Dr. Marvin's Story.

"My father was Dr. Horace Newell Marvin, of Ohio. He was one of the first, if not the very first, homeopathic physicians in this country. He was married in the early '40s in Wellsville, Columbiana county, Ohio. That is a short distance north of Wheeling, W. Va. It was in Wellsville that I was born, September 17, 1845.

"When I was two years old my parents went to Canandaigua, where my father practiced medicine for some years. Later they moved to Buffalo. I went to school there until I was sixteen years old, and was then sent to the Fredonia Academy, remaining four years. "At the age of twenty I began to study homeopathy, selecting Flahmann College, Chicago, as the institution in which I would read medicine. "I took five different courses at Halpennann, and was graduated in 1883. There was an interval of two years, (Continued on Page Eleven.)

GIVE NEW EYELIDS TO INJURED MAN

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 20.—Through the science of surgery Arthur Zimmerman, of 335 Franklin avenue, west side, has been provided with new eyelids. Zimmerman was burned by far more than a year ago. After he was discharged from the hospital the skin of the eyelids began to contract, and he could not close his eyes. This threatened his sight. A few days ago he was taken to St. Margaret's Hospital. The eyelids over the eyes were carefully removed by the surgeons and new skin, taken from the thigh, grafted over the muscle of the eyelids. Several operations have been required to get this skin properly placed. The physicians think that within ten days the patient will be able to open and close his eyes as easily, or almost as easily, as he would had he not been injured. One thing only will be lacking—eyelashes. These surgeons cannot supply. The skin had also contracted about the mouth and an operation was necessary to widen the mouth. This was done by making small incisions at each corner and sewing the inner membrane to the outer skin. Surgeons say this is the first case in Kansas City where a man has been provided with both eyelids. Several times small portions of the skin have been grafted on one eye.

Mother of Harry Thaw Forgives Mrs. Holman

PITTSBURG, April 20.—Drawn to each other by the subtle instinct of motherhood in distress, Mrs. William Thaw plans a reconciliation with Mrs. Charles J. Holman, mother of Mrs. Harry K. Thaw, according to statements made to friends by Mrs. Thaw since her arrival in this city.

The importance and significance of such a move on future developments in the case of Harry K. Thaw, are great, and friends of the prisoner hope for good results from it. The mother of the slayer and the mother of his wife have recognized within the last day or two that similar ties bind them and their interests.

In brief, after Mrs. William Thaw goes to her summer home in Cresson, Mrs. Holman will be invited to go there and have a friendly talk with her hostess.

May Later Aid Thaw.

If the delicate and fragile lines which are being laid now by friends of each of the stricken women do not break before the meeting there is every reason to believe Mrs. Holman will be a valuable adjunct to the forces of the defense in the next trial of young Thaw. Friends of Mrs. Thaw hope for even

more. They believe Mrs. Holman can be induced to take the stand in behalf of her son-in-law, that information of inestimable value may be secured from her. Mrs. Holman's statement of last Tuesday is the primary cause for this sudden change in the situation, it is said, and awakened a response in Mrs. Thaw's breast. Mrs. William Thaw now realizes that she thought too harshly of Mrs. Holman.

Reasons for Belief.

The release of Attorney Delphin M. Delmas, who made such a savage attack upon Mrs. Holman, is another matter that strengthens the belief that the old causes for hostility have now been removed. The fact that Mrs. Holman did not furnish the prosecution with any facts of evidence, which is now admitted by both Mrs. Holman and District Attorney Jerome, is still another feature which clears the atmosphere so far as the two women are concerned.

Now that Mrs. Holman has shown herself ready to take her daughter into her own home and to aid her in every way possible, the young Mrs. Thaw may be called to aid in the adjustment of a situation which is recognized to be a most delicate one.

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Steinway Upright Grand.....\$375	Tiffany; mahogany.....\$175	Gabler; upright grand; walnut; cost \$550. Special.....\$225
Steinway "Boudoir" Upright.....\$210	Schlimer; mahogany.....\$150	Gabler; mahogany; entirely new; slightly shopworn; from window display; was \$450. Now.....\$325
Steinway "Miniature" Grand; mahogany; used 5 mos.; dull finish; regular price, cash, \$300.....\$175	Mathushek & Son; mahogany.....\$205	Droop; mahogany; grand upr.....\$250
Knabe; mahogany upright; 2 yrs. old; cost \$250 cash; only.....\$100	A. B. Chase; a beauty.....\$150	Droop; mahogany; grand upr.....\$250
Brandenburg; fine case and tone.....\$175	Ebersole; mahogany.....\$125	Droop; mahogany; grand upr.....\$250
Heinekamp; fine order.....\$110	Peck & Son; dark oak.....\$125	Droop; walnut; cabinet upr.....\$225
	Halley; mahogany; new; the only one, and a sample.....\$115	Bush & Lane; mahogany; Louis XVI style; the most beautiful design in Washington.....\$250
	Templeton; mahogany.....\$225	

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